

1928-1929

MARCH ISSUE



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# THE LONG POINTER

Provincetown High School

Provincetown, Mass.

Vol. 5

March, 1929

No. 2

### THE FACULTY

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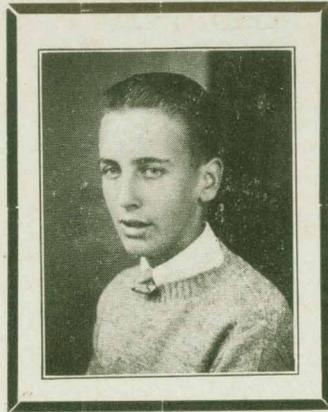
Phebe E. Freeman, Assistant Principal

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Anna L. Peters	History and Biology
Gertrude C. Turcotte	Physics and Chemistry
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1911—ROBERT A. BAKER—1928

**SUMMA CUM LAUDE!**

Months have passed since our classmate  
 Passed on to his heavenly home,  
 Yet his influence still lives with us  
 And his memory but clearer grown.

Honored amongst his classmates  
 Respected and loved by all,  
 Favorite of all the teachers  
 In the classroom and study-hall.

Noble to those who loved him,  
 Loyal to those who cared,  
 A perfect ideal for his companions  
 And the Scout motto 'Be Prepared'.

A pity! That such a noble career  
 Should come to so sudden an end,  
 His character may be portrayed  
 In two simple words—True Friend.

Two words with a wealth of meaning,  
 Two lights from the great sky above,  
 Their rays on our High School are beaming  
 With a cherished and infinite love.

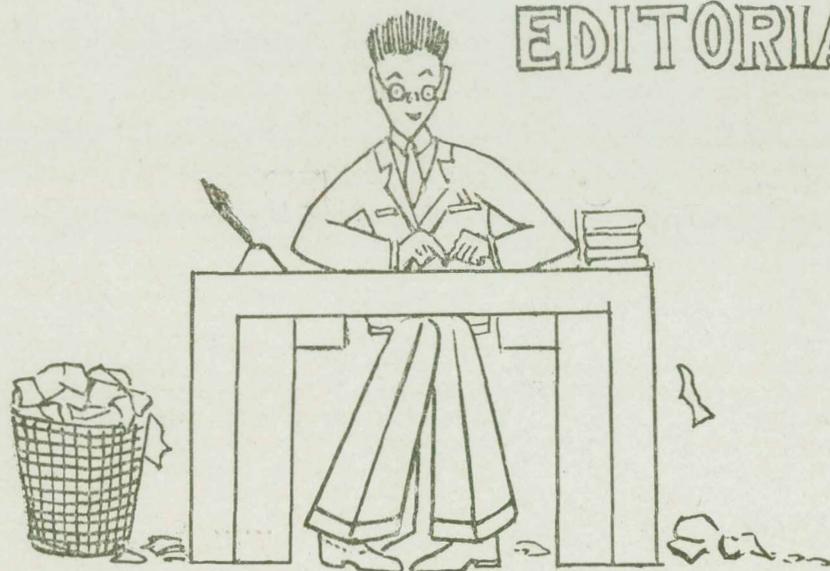
Arthur L. Williams '29.

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## EDITORIALS



## IN MEMORIAM

Only several short months ago Robert (Bobby) Baker, our revered classmate and co-worker on the Long Pointer, was called to his eternal reward. The sudden termination of his brilliant and extremely promising career came as a terrific shock to his many ardent friends, companions, and admirers.

His life, though brief, is a marvelous illustration of the clean living, honest, true, typical American youth, the type of which our nation so justly boasts.

His record as a Boy Scout, one that any scout might well take pride in exhibiting, shows us that Bobby was a First Class Scout, Senior Patrol Leader, Junior Leader at Camp Cape Cod, held one medal for First Aid, and was a Star Scout with eight merit badges to his credit.

His record as a student in P. H. S. was even greater. The average mark received by him in his entire high school career was about 85 percent, a truly remarkable average when one stops to consider that at about one year previous to the date of his death, a broken leg necessitated his absence from school for several weeks.

Therefore it is with profound sense of respect and admiration that we humbly wish to dedicate this issue of the P. H. S. Long Pointer to the one who was our efficient Business Manager and by whose companionship we continually profited.

Leonard W. Days '29

Ed.-in-Chief.

## THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

When a number of elements are brought together under favorable conditions, each one yields certain constituents, which form a compound. This axiom applies as well to society as to the natural sciences and is more noticeable as civilization advances. Every life yields an influence and in so doing helps to mold our civilization. Every new invention or discovery brings before us new problems which must be solved. With this fact in view is it any wonder that conditions are steadily being changed? Considering the forces that are continually being brought to bear on our lives and deeds, is it surprising that the declining generation looks with wonder and sometimes with doubt upon our works?

These influences may have a good or evil effect. Amid the surging of individual enterprise, it is difficult to foresee what will be the result of this intermingling of energies guided by grossly different natures. Men are governed by ambition to accomplish great projects and to form those projects into definite designs and oftentimes, in their passion for honor or gain, lose sight of the public good.

One need not necessarily be a close observer in order to perceive that there must be some guiding influence in action—some force to regulate the workings of ambitious men. A comparative few do the thinking for the many and by their strong personalities sway the multitudes. Care should be taken therefore that they be not

permitted to use their power to a selfish end and to the ruin of those institutions that make happiness, comfort, and culture possible.

The one factor which overshadows all others in this respect is education. In America the growth of education has been parallel with the evolution of efficient government. The American people early recognized the fact that intellectual enlightenment can do more to protect our nation than all the armament in the world. Looking about us, we behold countries utterly gone to ruin because of the absence of that high type of civilization so pre-eminent in our native land. This should have, and has aroused among us an intense interest in education.

When our forefathers framed the constitution upon which our laws are based, they saw fit to place the educational responsibility entirely upon the shoulders of the people. Hence our schools are under the control of the states. For the sake of convenience and efficiency the states are divided into smaller units. In this way the common schools and high schools as well are, as a rule, conducted by local authority.

Under this system education has flourished. The students of yesterday—the men and women of today—often envy us the educational advantages which we enjoy. And so shall we, the students of today, envy those of tomorrow. It seems indeed incredulous to us that our fathers should have had opportunities so far inferior to our own. Yet such has been the case.

It is in the study stage of learning that plans are formed for the future, and the courses of industry and achievement which we expect to follow are thoroughly surveyed. New branches are opened and here we become interested in the callings at which we expect to be successful.

The educated young man of today has every reason to thank the stars under which he was born. Behind him is the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, its courage and deeds of valor, its profound earnestness and stern ideals.

Around him lies a new land of promise with its people of pride, energy, intelligence, and high enthusiasm. Before him lies the civilization, a wonder of material progress, a rare growth of poetic power, and a free spirit under new and fostering conditions.

Before the youth of this state is the possibility of success in any pursuit, of rise to influence, of contribution to the formative period of a new commonwealth. There is every inducement to be courageous, energetic and ideal men. Those who made

our history are rapidly passing away and the rising generation must take up the responsibility. The educated young man of today is the heir of all ages. All that science, literature, philosophy, and civilization have achieved is his. All that thought has realized through ages of slow progress, all that has been learned through the mistakes made in the dim light of the dawn of human history, he may realize by the progress of individual education.

Those who aim at medicine, theology, law or teaching, who aim at the best development of their powers, need all the education they can gain before they enter upon independent labor. All need a broad foundation of general knowledge and skill. Our grandfathers got along with the grammar school, the academy, and the apprentice system. We need the high school, the college, the university, and the professional school. Some men go into the field of labor without map, implements, or skill and then wonder why they do not succeed. Only trained minds can succeed in this modern world; therefore all should seize every opportunity to acquire an education.

Leonard W. Days '29  
Editor-in-Chief

## REVELLE FOR SENIORS

In other words I mean, fellow-seniors, please wake up. Graduation is only three months away.

Naturally, the Senior Class wants as many to graduate this year as possible. We want to make a good showing, do we not?

Think of the humiliation of being forced to return next year, and take our places among those whom we have always considered as freshmen when compared to our noble selves. Judging by the poor showing we have made in our marks so far, some of us will have to do this unless we are fortunate enough to get by "by the skin of our teeth".

Compare with this the pleasure of visiting the school a few years from now and telling everyone that we belong to the class of '29—that intelligent class, don't you know?

Last year our class got better marks, on the average, than any other class. That is a record to be proud of; but for the sake of our class as well as our own sakes we must not "bask in the sunshine of our glory," but rather try to hang on to our record.

Now that you've waked up at last, "Forward march!"

Eleanor M. Johnson '29.

## DAY DREAMS

Dreams are beautiful things, don't you think? Particularly day dreams—because we can make them what we will. Life would be dreary if we did not have our dreams. We can delight in them even though it is utterly impossible that they will ever come true. Some great philosopher said, "The anticipation of a thing often gives greater pleasure than its realization."

We can work to make our dreams come true. At least, it is by far better to work with some definite aim in view than to wander aimlessly, lazily, through life.

The cynic says that all beautiful things are illusions. I, for one, will strive to keep my illusions and dreams because they are beautiful.

Instead of feeling this way: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die," one rather should have this sentiment: "Since we are to die tomorrow, let us make our dreams come true today."

Eleanor M. Johnson '25.

## FRIENDSHIP

What good is friendship? Emerson says, "A day for toil, an hour for sport; but for a friend, life is too short".

If you have a friend, no doubt you will agree; if you haven't, why not try it?

Friends "don't grow on trees" which is perhaps just as well; we don't appreciate those things that cost us nothing. The price of having a friend is being one, and before we can be one we must first of all be sincere. We must be true to ourselves and to others.

A faithful friend is a true image of God. Why? A friend is one who holds your happiness above his own and who is happiest when doing things for you. Is not this God-like?

Make haste to gain a friend before it is too late. Now is the time. Judge carefully, but once you have judged, confide until death.

Eleanor M. Johnson '29.



## COMMUNICATION

The Editor of The Long Pointer,  
Provincetown, Massachusetts.

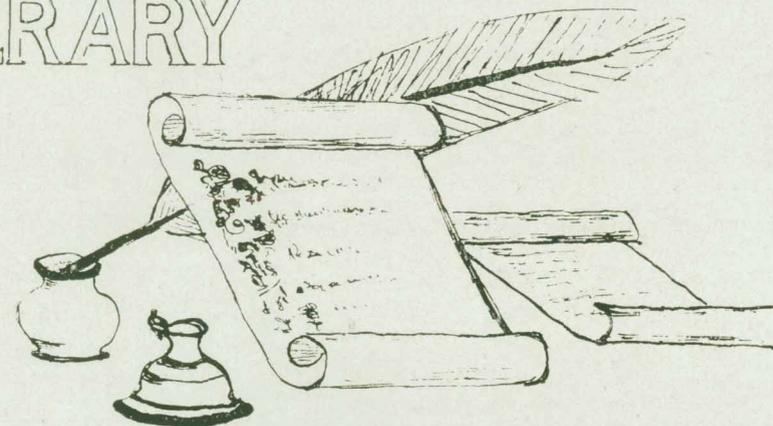
Will you say to the young people of Provincetown High School, the schoolmates of our dear departed son Robert, through your splendid paper, The Long Pointer, to the upbuilding of which he was giving so much of his time and energy since the commencement of the school year, that we appreciate the very loyal support that they gave to him and to us at this time.

We are interested in the many vital activities in which they as "Young America" are engaged so creditably and hope for them many many successes.

The flowers, that they so generously sent were beautiful and we are thankful for them, too, and for the thought that was behind them.

Sincerely,  
Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. Baker.

## LITERARY



## THE MONK AND THE LILY

There was once a young nobleman named De Ronza living in Italy. He was a prosperous, well-to-do gardener and managed his own estate. His life was very full and happy. A beautiful young wife and a little son aged three were the pride of his life. Little Francesco was to inherit the lands and titles of the De Ronza family.

There had long been a feud between the De Ronzas and a neighboring family, the Strattis. It had been carried on for several generations but seemed to have died a natural death. The Strattis were not offensive and De Ronza had no wish to seek a quarrel with his neighbors. He had an amiable and peaceful disposition, and his interest was almost wholly in his flowers. He worked all day supervising the under-gardeners and spent long evenings studying and planning the best way to raise his plants.

One day, returning home from a hard day's journey to the border of his estate, De Ronza was horrified to see smoke coming from his house and as he drew nearer, he saw it burst into flames. Upon entering the court-yard, not a living soul could be seen; but when he shouted the names of his servants, an old retainer came rushing to him and told him the awful news. The Strattis still hated De Ronza and his family and thought it a good time to exterminate the family as they were so weak at the present time. Consequently they had sacked his house and then burned it. His wife and child had been murdered.

The master swooned when he heard the horrible truth and lay for many weeks in a death-like stupor at the monastery of St. Augustine where he was cared for by the good monks.

In the first stages of recovery he had horrible moods of depression when he denied

that there was a God and wished to kill himself. But he was saved from these dreadful thoughts by the influence of the monks. His convalescence was slow and he went about the monastery, a broken shadow of the man he once had been. His mind seemed to be asleep. The monks tried to arouse him to take an interest in the things about him, but did not succeed.

On the evening of Holy Saturday, Brother Anthony asked De Ronza to attend the services on Easter morning, thinking it might comfort him. De Ronza was about to refuse, but remembering how much he owed these good friends, he agreed.

On Easter morning he was awakened by the joyous ringing of bells. Bitter thoughts came to his mind. Again he wished to remain away from church, but when Brother Anthony called him he came involuntarily.

Soon after he was seated in church, the choir started to sing. The bright sun streamed in through the stained-glass windows and he noticed the beautiful lilies.

A picture came to his mind of his lovely wife and little son helping to prepare lilies for the church. A great light seemed to come into his mind and he prayed to God for forgiveness and peace. The petition was not made in vain.

Renewed faith came to him and the remainder of his life was spent in peace and happiness working with his beloved flowers. He labored to produce more and more beautiful lilies and was at last rewarded by the production of the De Ronza lily, one of the most beautiful we have today. All over the world on Easter day, churches are decorated with the De Ronza lily, a living monument to this monk's regained faith in God.

Margaret Perry '29.

## A QUESTIONNAIRE

Tell me why the babbling brook  
Always rushes on?  
Why it never stops to sport  
After day is done?  
Tell me why the flowers sweet,  
That scatter fragrance rare,  
Always have to go to sleep  
With the cool night air?  
Tell me why the songs of birds  
Are sung with main and might  
At the break of dawn,  
And never heard at night?  
Tell me why the tiniest things,  
Always, always cease  
To frolic in their favorite haunts  
With the coming of the evening breeze?  
Tell me why the clear blue skies,  
That come with break of day,  
Are always destitute of light  
When night time over us plays?  
Tell me, oh, I could go on  
Asking a hundred questions more.  
Why everything just appears to die  
When night time over us soars?

Florence Volton.

## THE WORLD ABOVE US

The sun on the distant horizon  
Is dimmed by approaching light,  
What happens above in the heavens  
When God puts out that great light?

Another but less dazzling creature  
Appears in place of the sun,  
Smiling down from the blue sky  
Happy and full of fun.

Yes, the moon is a naughty fellow  
But mirthful, jolly, and gay,  
Making the earth in the night-time  
As joyous as during the day.

The tiny stars come tripping  
To a world of white and blue  
Blinking, twinkling, in the heavens  
As their merry dance they do.

It must be a very merry life  
Up there in the old blue sky  
And I would surely visit there  
If I were a butterfly.

Florence Silva '29



## SUNRISE ON THE LAND

It's near to daybreak  
One by one the stars have fled.  
Now a shaft of light appears  
And the clouds are clad in amber robes.  
A rosy hue fills the sky,  
A solemn stillness—  
The world is bathed in sleep.  
But now—the twittering of the birds,  
The rustling of trees as the dawn breezes  
sweep through them  
Proclaim the coming of the morn.

Mary Lewis '29.

## SUNSET ON THE OCEAN

On the ocean—a sea of lapis blue  
The sun, a fire-red ball, floating in a mist  
of blue,  
A golden pathway stretches across the sea.  
Waves crested with flame,  
Iridescent gleams darting over the surface  
of the darkening waters.  
And then—the sun sinks into the blueness  
The stars flare—a flash of silvery light,  
And a golden-yellow moon smiles o'er all.

Mary Lewis '29

## STOWAWAY

Plin was an aviator and a good one. He had just emerged from flying school and was well equipped with knowledge concerning loop-the-loops, wing overs, and barrel rolls.

His instructors had always remarked how gracefully he came out of a tail spin.

But there was one cold spot in his life, that was his home, or rather his relatives. Among the usual trails of life, he was afflicted with an adoring grandmother and a nuisance of a kid brother. His mother was fine, but grandmother and the kid weren't. He could suppress his inferior but grandmother was out of the question. She was so loving, and Plin was so good-natured.

She hovered over him, guarded him from what she called undesirable people, beamed whenever he received the vaguest compliment. She made his life quite miserable.

Often he'd say, "Now, Gran, don't make such a fuss over me. You make me feel as if I were three years old; especially in front of people."

But she'd only smile and say, "Plin, dear, you really shouldn't. You know someday the nation will make a fuss over you. Oh, I can see you now riding down Broadway 'mid the storm of ticker tape!"

Even the air was not a relief, for Gran considered herself quite a judge on flying and frequently took a hop.

There was another member of the family not to be forgotten, Gran's pet parrot, James. He was a young and boisterous bird and a wizard at talking, his pet line being, "Plin, your Gran's calling." Plin's greatest ambition was to hit the bird with a hatchet.

Gran was sure James was airminded, but would not consider taking James for a hop until necessary precautions had been taken.

One day Plin sauntered out into the back yard and soon perceived his grandmother on the roof.

"My land! he exclaimed, "what on your life are you up there for?"

"Testing a new device," she answered coolly.

"And what under the sun is it?" he asked. "Look out, that roof has just been reshingled, you might slide off."

"Since you ask," she answered casually, "I've just finished crocheting James a parachute and wanted to try it out with a brick. Here goes."

Plin heard a thump on the ground.

"Oh, dear, it didn't open." Plin deary, will you please toss it up again? There's something wrong with the mechanism."

"You get off that roof," the boy commanded sternly, "Wait, I'll get you a ladder."

"Well, toss it up again just once more," she pleaded.

Plin did so but his grandmother slid off the roof in her effort to catch it. The hand with which she caught it flew over her head causing it to open in a most professional manner. She gently landed in a lilac bush.

"Well, it opened," she said proudly, as Plin came rushing up.

Grandma's handsome crocheted parachute was fastened to James's feathers, and he was then ready for the air.

Plin bit his lips when Gran asked him in her persuasive manner to take James and herself for a spin.

James behaved until an altitude of a thousand feet was attained, and then he cut up. Before Plin could catch him he was flying, desperately clawing at every solid object in his way. The plane hung for a moment as if suspended from the sky, and then turned over and dropped into the position that strikes terror in the hearts of every aviator. It fell slowly, and then down like a stone.

The parrot had gotten his regalia tangled among the controls.

With one desperate effort he got the plane over on its side. After flopping wildly about for a few minutes, the plane pancaked on the ground.

Poor Gran had the scare of her life and didn't try flying again for a while, but strange to say the parrot did.

Plin kept his plane in a field near the house. Once he found holes pecked in the fabric. He reprimanded the bird as one kicks a door after it catches your fingers, but the parrot was totally unconscious of it.

He next notified his grandmother that James was a destructive bird and she in turn meekly promised to see that no more damage would be done.

But Plin was fed up. He decided to go off in his plane, and not come back for a while—anything to get away from the attention of his grandmother and from the parrot. He told the folks he was going off on a cross-country flight for a few days and wasn't sure how many days it would be.

Gran cried at the thought of losing her boy, and the parrot gently squawked.

The next day Plin was up with the sun, and was soon sailing over Pensicola.

All day long he flew along the coast, stopping for fuel and then for the night.

The next day he flew cut over the Gulf. Oh, how glorious it was to be free. He swooped down almost to the water and felt the spray in his face, and then shot up into the blue sky. A glorious day—warm and sunny! Never had the ocean looked so beautiful before. Tiny little islands jeweled

the ocean—some only tiny spots of sand with a single palm tree growing on them.

As he flew along, he thought of Gran and James at home, and then shuddered. He was then conscious of a scratch behind him. He passed it by as only a sensation. Again he took himself to enjoy the scenery and then started to acrobat and so recklessly that he nearly ended his spree in the Gulf of Mexico.

At noon he saw an island that was truly paradise. He throttled his motor and brought the plane to rest in a meadow. He hopped from the plane and set out on a full run. So glorious was the island that it seemed to him the radiating point of nature. Birds of colorful plumage flew about among the trees. Little glades with tiny brooks thrilled him and every flower shouted at him, "You're free, you're free."

He turned his footsteps toward the sea. Arriving, he threw himself full length on the white sand. Before him rolled the foamy surf that splashed and tossed tiny shells at him. Over head bent a glorious palm tree casting a luscious shade.

The boy closed his eyes and cringed with delight. The warm breezes fanned his face, and the rustling of the trees, and the breaking surf composed a perfect lullaby. Oh, if he could lie there forever he would give his uttermost farthing.

Slowly he dozed, and dreamed of a land where grandmothers and obnoxious parrots were unheard of. This land was the island he was on.

The sun still rolled and the palm tree cast its shadow over him while the breezes played pranks on each other among its branches making the leaves tinkle merrily. For such was this island untouched by man and blest by nature. But lo—a shriek echoed and nature who was swaying in her glory fell in despair.

"Now, Plin, your Granny's calling."

The surf stopped rolling, the wind stopped, the world stopped turning and fell away from the sun.

Plin stood bolt upright on the beach.

"You little- - - - - You'd follow me to Sing Sing."

"Yes," answered the parrot, "even to the end of the world."

Plin ran as he had never run. He leaped a rod at a time, the parrot screaming behind him at every step.

The little glades, the brooks and flowers were now all blotted out, and the terrified birds took refuge in the deepest foliage.

Into the plane he leaped, and shot up in the air, leaving the parrot screaming with rage in an Eucalyptus tree.

Alan Hartman.

## PROVINCETOWN

Provincetown is as old as the nation. In our small but comfortable harbor, the Mayflower dropped anchor in 1620, and the Pilgrims set their foot on what was to them "The Promised Land". Here in the cabin of the Mayflower, they drew up the compact which gave birth to a new nation. Here also was born the first white child in America.

Provincetown of today treasures its Pilgrim memories in a huge monument on the Town Hill. At the base of the monument, a visitor to this historic town may gaze upon some Pilgrim and Indian relics. Among them are a cradle, a spinning wheel, a table, a chair, firearms, and some Indian arrowheads and pottery.

The history of the town, however, dates back to the landing of the Norsemen in 1006 according to tales told by the townsfolk. They claim that at the farther end of the town a Norse fort and weapons were found. These accounts are rather hazy and not generally accepted.

Provincetown lies at the tip end of the Cape. The harbor is one of the largest, the most beautiful, and the safest in the world. Here at any time one may see vessels of all shapes and sizes riding at anchor. The sand dunes along the Atlantic Ocean have the fascination of all the marvels of nature. They attract artists and nature lovers in summer and winter, so that Provincetown boasts the largest summer artist colony in the world.

For centuries, Provincetown's chief industry was and still is the catching, packing, and distribution of fish. Each day about two hundred boats leave the harbor and return at night with their catch.

Pilgrims, artists, and fish are the features that draw many thousands of visitors to this town each year.

Sherman Silva '29.



## A QUIET EVENING

"What can we do tonight, Sue? The boss gave me a ten days' vacation. Let's start it off right and go to a good show."

"No, John, I think we really should go to Mrs. Briggs's bridge party. I'm already dressed. Hurry now and come along with me."

"Darn these old Saturday night bridge parties anyway. You know I can't get interested in a bridge game. This had to come just when I had two good seats for 'Present Arms', too. No, I can't go. I'd certainly fall asleep and spoil the party. You go right along and lose some money for me and I'll go down to the club and have a chat with the boys."

"Well goodnight, John. I'll not make any excuses for you. The last time I met Mrs. Briggs she told me to be sure to bring you along. I think it's mean of you not to come with me. Don't forget to put the cat out and be sure to shut off the radio."

"O. K., Sue. Have a good time. I may get in late so I'll leave the key under the front door mat. Goodnight."

Such is married life. Sue leaves for the bridge party while her husband goes to his club.

Sue returned from the bridge party to find that John had kept his promise as to the cat. She found "Pussy-pur-mew" shivering on the front steps and glad enough to run in as soon as the door was unlocked. Sue decided not to wait down-stairs for John. She went up to bed and was about to turn out the light when she remembered that she had locked the front door and left the key inside. Running down the stairs she unlocked the door. "He'll be home soon," she said to herself, "I'll just leave the door unlocked and go back to my room and read

## THE EASTER BONNET

"But, mother I must have a bonnet,  
With Cousin Ben coming and all,  
And the village all festooned with ribbons  
As though for a holiday ball."

"But, child, you know we've no money.  
Dry your eyes and don't cry, dear, please,  
But take these eggs to the market  
Our slender hoard to increase."

The Easter tide came on the morrow,  
And the flowers of spring were in bloom,  
But the heart of the maiden was sad  
As she turned and walked from the room.

Out to the pasture she sped  
And threw herself down on the hay  
And sobbing, her heart was torn  
For hours she moved not away.

until I hear him come in."

The clock had just struck the hour of one when Sue finished reading the first chapter of Hugo's "Les Miserables". Suddenly a loud cry, and then two shots broke the eerie stillness!!!

"Help!! Crack!! Crack!!

"Say Bo, what's the idea? Didn't I tell you'se not to pull that shootin-iron? Do you want to hash dis job? The bulls will get us sure now. Guess you'se have done for dis guy. Well he had no business coming in dat front door at dis time of morning. Let's get the rest of the stuff and skid before the whole family gets down here."

"Burglars!!" thought Sue. "Oh! if I can only get to the phone and call the police. I know those horrid burglars will kill John if they haven't killed him already. What shall I do?!!"

Whereupon Sue crept cautiously down the stairs. The phone was in the hallway at the foot of the front stairs. The voices and shots had come from the living room on the right. Sue heard no sound now except for a faint crackling noise. She had nearly reached the phone when the front door burst open and in walked John.

"Why- - -why, John!! Oh, do be careful!! There are burglars in the living room. I thought they had ki- - - - -"

And then. "This is station W. O. W. You have just heard a chapter of the weekly detective story. Next Saturday evening we will read you another chapter of this thrilling story of underworld life. Goodnight, radio audience- - - - -Cra-a-a sh!!!"

"John Seaver," shouted Sue, leaning weakly against the staircase, "will you ever do anything right? Didn't I tell you to shut off the radio?"

Stuart M. Joseph.

Then as the sun reached its height  
She rose and walked toward the town.  
A crowd of young people ran toward her  
And laughingly gathered around.

"Sure, dear, let's see your new bonnet.  
Open your basket, my dear!  
We've all such sweet clothes for tomorrow- -  
What's that on your cheek? Not a tear?"

"I've nothing but eggs in my basket  
I'm taking them in to be sold.  
I fear I'll have no new bonnet  
But must wear the one that is old."

"Why, we're all to be dressed up, you're surely  
Not going to church in those rags,  
I don't think we'll call for you, Susan,  
Goodbye, we're adjourning to Mag's."

Sue stood and looked after the maidens  
As they gleefully went on their way,  
Then turned to a milliner's window  
To gaze at the gorgeous display.

"The one in the middle of pale blue  
Would suit me and just match my eyes.  
'Twould brighten my poor muslin gown  
And 'twould outshine the blue of the skies."

"Ten shillings is marked on the tag  
And I have but two in my bank  
'Tis hopeless," and shaking her head  
Sue's shoulders quivered and sank.

"Were you taking those eggs to my house?"  
A voice behind her inquired.  
"I've my coach here I'll take them right with  
me,  
You look so heated and tired"

Lady Fairfield's cool hand took the basket.  
"Seven shillings ten?" "Here are eight,  
And a bonny blue ribbon beside  
To bind up your chestnut brown hair."

Walking home, Sue again passed the window  
Where the hat of her choice was displayed  
She looked at the price and her heart  
skipped

I have the shillings Miss Fairfield has paid  
She stood uncertain, puzzled.  
"Mother need never be told  
I could say I lost the egg money.  
Yet could I be so bold?"

The scene is a half-mile below the surface  
of the earth, in a vault-like room with a  
huge table full of small buttons arranged  
in orderly rows. Seated at the table is a  
man, if a cross between a Chinaman, an  
ancient Egyptian, and the ghost of some  
nightmarish figure can be called a man.  
The faint sound of running water can be  
heard in the distance.

For some time the man—called X—sits  
without moving. A red light suddenly  
shines in the rock wall opposite him, and  
after several seconds a voice, faintly, yet  
perfectly, is heard without the slightest  
movement of anything to denote the pres-  
ence of anyone.

The voice gives the following information:  
"Report of G2 at hand. Altitude forty-  
three thousand feet, speed two-seventy-  
five. Mail-zeppelin late."

G2 is in a small sea-plane, capable of  
unknown speeds, at the head of ten other  
planes. On the wing-tips are metal rods,  
with small boxes attached which look  
something like the machine-guns of long-

"Some kind friend might have given the  
bonnet  
To me with compassionate heart.  
Do I dare? Shall I do it  
With baby's boots falling apart?"

"No I couldn't do such a deed  
My old bonnet will do well enough  
Why with my new ribbon of azure  
'Twill be not so bad as a bluff."

Rejoicing in turning from evil  
With temptation now overthrown  
She sped with light heart and feet  
Toward her simple but happy old home.

The dawn of Easter was bright  
And the village was blithely astir  
All wended their way to the church  
The gay color making a blur.

As the choir sang "Lead Kindly Light",  
Through the windows of richly stained glass  
A beam of glittering sunlight played  
On the finery of each village lass.

The sunlight glittered on each  
Then came to a rest on Sue.  
Her old bonnet shone like a halo  
Touched with Heaven's own blue.

All eyes were fastened upon her  
As she sat in her bower of light  
And the envious heads of her friends:  
Turned away from the beautiful sight.  
Margaret O'Neil.  
Reine Avellar

X.

ago, but are far more deadly.

The red light vanishes. The only sign  
that X heard the report is the slight move-  
ment of one hand. The red light flashes  
on again. X, without the slightest move-  
ment of his lips, says, "Have H2 find reason  
for late arrival." He is an officer of the  
same rank as G2, but of another division.  
The red light vanishes.

Three hours later the red light flashes on  
and the same voice announces, "G2  
reports zeppelin in sight at fifty thousand  
feet. H2 reports zeppelin delayed by police.  
C5 taken by them." The rank of an officer  
is denoted by a number, one being the  
highest.

The zeppelin, fifteen hundred feet long,  
and with accommodations for five hundred  
people, is bound for San Francisco from  
England, via New York. The round trip  
is made in twelve days. No passengers are  
being carried this trip. Their places are  
taken by police for there are fifty million  
dollars in gold on board.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes. Then a breath-

less voice: "Everything all right. Oh boy!  
What a job! We got everything worth  
getting, sir. I set the controls personally.  
We're riding pretty well now. Did they  
send anything before we got them?"

"Yes. They communicated with New  
York. You had better leave as soon as  
possible." X's voice remains the same as  
ever. There is not a tremor in it, although  
his men and himself have just added twenty-  
five thousand dollars to each one's fortune.

X is the leader of the most perfect gang  
of crooks the world has ever seen.  
They are the Robin Hoods of the  
twenty-second century. They rob only  
those who can afford to lose fifty million  
dollars at a throw.

On the way to his base, G2 finds some  
resistance. A squadron of twenty police  
planes meets him near New York. Although  
they are twenty to eleven the police are  
doomed, and know it. G2 reports the battle  
as follows:

"Here they come, sir. They're way up  
above us, but that's all right. Here we go."

Again the room in the rock rings and  
thunders with the noise of the planes.  
There is a loud swish, and a triumphant  
shout from the pilot of the plane. "There  
he goes, sir. You ought to see it. Bet you  
could see the flames a hundred miles away.  
Hope I don't go that way. You can feel  
the heat of it even here." There is a  
second's pause then the screech of a pro-  
tecting motor. Several times there is the  
fateful swish made by the rods. Now  
comes the report, "Got him too, sir. Seems  
to be my lucky night."

Out of the darkness comes X's voice,  
"Come back as soon as all police planes  
are down. Report personally to me."

"Yes sir," comes through the ether.

It is three o'clock in the morning, when  
the zeppelin is two days from England,  
that X starts the attacks. He rolls back  
a small piece of finely made metal cloth,  
made of gold, and takes out a small  
microphone. Half a dozen lights go on as  
he presses buttons. Then he speaks in the  
direction of the microphone. There is just  
one word: "Attack." He presses another  
button, and there is the sound of wind  
rushing through wires and the high-toned  
hum of a radium motor in the room.

A voice seemingly from nowhere, gives  
all the details: "They're about fifteen  
miles away. Very clear up here. Going  
faster now. About three hundred. They  
haven't seen us yet." There is a loud  
swish. It stops with a click. "The rods  
are O. K."

"We're coming in from the port side.

Only five miles now. Don't see why they  
don't see us. The cops have probably stuck  
some of their dumbness on the crew." His  
voice, young, yet with a hardness that  
violent death witnessed and perhaps done,  
brings, is growing high in pitch.

"I don't—there goes their alarm!" There  
is a sharp crack. "That's my flare. Up  
we go." This is accompanied by a sudden  
scream of wires and then a click. "That's the  
gas. Don't think I'll try that again.  
Missed them by about ten feet. The gas  
doesn't seem to be working. I wonder  
. . . .nope! There it is, real plain. You  
can see it through the windows. There."  
There is a loud sigh. "It's got 'em, sure.  
Yep. There goes the zep on her side.  
We'll have to get aboard pretty quick.  
Here we come. Plunk in the middle of the  
upper deck. There go the magnets. She  
sure is pitching around, sir. Shall we go  
below? The others are all secure."

X has turned off the small light on his  
desk, and answers from darkness. "Yes,  
but watch the police."

"O. K. I'll be back in a couple of minutes."

Robert Cabeen, '31.

Many a true word is spoken through false  
teeth.

#### PEACE RENEWED

I walk; and as I walk  
The wind blows fiercely.  
And on my feverish brow  
Its rushing air delays  
One moment, cooling and whipping  
My tired and drooping spirits  
Into a renewed sense of courage.  
And in a while the sky grows dark.  
Yet I walk on, with a feeling now  
Of happiness in living in this beauteous  
world.

The trees are of a sudden  
Dark and slim 'gainst ever darkening heaven.  
They shake, their branches quiver,  
Then I feel a splashing raindrop  
On my cheek, again, and yet again,  
'Till torrents fall, chilling and drenching.  
I step behind a tree  
Which stands with leaves upraised  
Drinking in the glorious rain.  
As suddenly as it poured, it stops;  
And with a glowing burst of sunshine  
The sky clears. I venture forth  
From out my leafy shelter,  
Dripping, yet with a new sense of peace  
Within my troubled soul, and wander on.

Margaret O'Neil.

## VAN DORF'S HOLIDAY

It was early morning and the birds were sending their songs heaven-wards from the branches of the trees that fronted the gray old mansion of James Van Dorf. For this was Easter Monday and all hearts were light and gay.

Yes, all except the heart of the gray old weary man within this dreary mansion. James Van Dorf, the owner, was a man of great moral and mental but little physical strength. He was the last of a long line of writers who had baffled the cities of Europe and this country for the past century. Van Dorf had everything to make a man happy, but lacked the one thing that would make his joy complete. That something was a son who would cheer the gloomy household with his light and carefree heart. But why long for the impossible? Longing and praying had almost completely sapped Van Dorf's vitality. James Van Dorf had failed fast during the last three years. What a tremendous change but three years had wrought! Where before he had carried himself like a man of middle age, he now possessed a decided stoop and a face furrowed with wrinkles.

James Van Dorf was awakened from his stupor at the breakfast table by the ringing of the doorbell. As the door was opened, Van Dorf heard a booming voice saying, "Say, buy a paper, mister? All about de big robbery down by de station."

At the first sound of this cheery voice an idea dawned upon Van Dorf. "Send him in, Jameson! Right into the parlor here," said Van Dorf as if in a daze.

The boy who was ushered into the parlor was a bright-eyed, bare-headed, freckled-faced lad of about ten years. He accepted a seat and promptly settled down to make himself at home. By questioning, Van Dorf learned that the lad's name was "Bull Nelson" and that he sold papers for the "Morning Star". "Would you like to work for me?" asked Van Dorf in a pleasant tone.

"Sure", replied "Bull", "If you'll wait fer til I git thru wit me roote."

Van Dorf bought the remaining papers so that the lad would be able to stay.

"Now, what do you want me to do?" queried Bull after a short pause. "What's the job?" "Throw away asnes or move a stone?—dat's my business", stated "Bull" in a business-like tone.

"You do not have to do a thing but enjoy yourself," answered Van Dorf smilingly.

At that moment Jameson entered and in an airy and professional tone announced, "dinner is served, sir," at which Van Dorf led Bull into an elaborately furnished dining

room.

After dinner they went to the theatre. James Van Dorf, dubbed "the aloof" by many, laughed and cheered louder than the enthusiastic boy by his side. At the close of the performance Van Dorf decided that it was time to take "Bull" home.

All the way to the district where he lived, "Bull" kept saying to himself, "What's de matter wit dis bird? He must be nuts or else he's got so much money he don't know how to spend it. Anyways he ain't no tightwad or crab! Boy he certainly nows how to spend his gazookum!"

As the car drew up to the curb in front of the tenement block where "Bull" lived, Van Dorf got out and proceeded to assist "Bull" onto the sidewalk. As they clasped each other's hand in a parting handshake, "Bull" felt something pressed against his palm. On examination this proved to be a five dollar bill. Before "Bull" could thank Van Dorf, the car was speeding down the avenue.

"So long, Pop," shouted Bull. "I'll tell de gang dat dere's one good guy on dat swell-head street and dat guy's you."

Van Dorf smiled.

Yes, looking back, it had been a rather soft job for "Bull" and a wonderful salary at that. Yet he had earned every cent of it, for had he not played his part to perfection? Not once during the afternoon did Van Dorf's mind wander back to the old loneliness. He had lived life those few happy hours that he had spent with "Bull Nelson"—his son for a day.

A. L. Williams.

## LONELINESS

Tumult, agitation, turbulence,  
Arise within me.  
I cannot think,  
But sit and look  
With unseeing eyes  
Into unseen space.  
Space that is empty,  
Devoid, destitute.  
Robbing me of my strength.  
Yet space that is appealing, challenging.  
I try to shake away this  
Unnatural, queer feeling from me,  
But yet it hovers  
And flits about  
Ever waiting for a chance  
To sneak into my soul.  
I realize finally my plight,  
To find myself  
Alone.

Florence Volton '29

## FAST AND FURIOUS

"All this way," was the cry that seemed to be coming from the door of "Hard Boiled" McKencie's room. McKencie was forty-five years old, by no means slim, the matchmaker at the Grand and manager of about thirty boxers all told. That day "Hard Boiled" had sent an S. O. S. call for likely boxers. His stable at the time consisted of worn-out shells, no longer able to hit hard, and not able to take punishment. So far all the ones who had reported were adjudged worthless after being given a try-out. The last two in the string were Sam Murphy and a young chap unknown to McKencie.

When Murphy came in, he was greeted in this way: "Say, Murphy, who do you think you are? After telling you to clear out once and for all, do you think I would fall over myself to have you back?"

Murphy, a hard hitting lightweight seemed much crestfallen and he whined, "Yeh, I know, but I'm broke and need some jack right off. I'm as good as any of the ones in your stable, and (in truth he was an excellent fighter but one who broke all rules) and just to prove it I'll lick anyone who wants to try and fight me."

Just as he said these bold words, the door opened and a delicate-looking young fellow came in and said that he wanted to box. The manager after sizing up his frail frame blurted out, "Say, kid, you're not built for fighting. You ought to get yourself a job selling face powder and perfume."

"But," the newcomer protested, "I went to a fortune-teller and she told me that I could become lightweight champion of the world inside of one year. Please give me a chance to show what I've got," he added as he sat down, being careful not to crease his pants.

"All right," consented the hardboiled one, come on over to the gym and swap punches with this guy," motioning the pugnacious Sam.

So off to the gym they trooped, the three of them. After Reginald Chauvasse, the frail looking chap, had put on some tights and had been instructed in the points of the game by McKencie, he climbed into the ring with Murphy. McKencie told them to "start it up" and Murphy certainly attempted to do so. But to his surprise he was always sidestepped. The bell ended the round in which exactly two punches had been given by Chauvasse. These two blows, however, could not rupture the skin of an infant.

"Oh boy," gloated McKencie to another watcher of the farce bout, "that boy's feet

touch the ground once in every five hundred years. If he could only hit he would be a knock-out. Just the same I'll match him with "Bug" Thomason. "Bug" 'll be so top-heavy that he'll go head-over-tea-kettle if the kid back-pedals like he's doing now." Just then Sam crawled through the ropes and announced that he was through, and that there was no use trying to hit a fellow who thought he was on a bicycle.

"All right, kid," McKencie then said to Reggy, "come along with me; you're signed and we have to have it written out in black and white."

Since McKencie was matchmaker at the Grand it was an easy matter to have Reggy matched with Thomason. Reggy won this bout and all the succeeding bouts resulted in victories for the "dancing master", the nickname given to Reggy. Finally, the champion was forced to fight Reggy because the latter had disposed of all the other contenders for the title.

Thus on one Friday night (the next day would mark exactly one year from the time he had first stepped into McKencie's office) he was brought into the ring with the champion Andy Rawn. This is the way that the fight was heard all over the country by the radio audience:

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience, you are about to hear the blow-by-blow description of the battle for the lightweight championship of the world between Andy Rawn, the present champion, and Reggy Chauvasse, the foremost challenger of the title. The men are coming down the aisle surrounded by their seconds, managers, trainers, bodyguards, in fact, their whole retinues. Rawn climbs through the ropes and receives a great hand from the crowd. The applause is almost equaled by that of Chauvasse. We are sitting over by Chauvasse's corner and we can hear every word that is being spoken over there. The referee calls them to the center of the ring and gives them their final instructions. Both fighters come back to their corners and throw off their wraps. The thirty-second bell has just rung. Both boys are in readiness. The battle is on ! ! !

Rawn comes out with a rush and is sidestepped by Chauvasse. Both boys are merely feeling their man and very few blows have been struck. Oh, now here's a flurry. Both boys are boxing at long range, with the champ having the better of the milling. They are in a clinch when the bell rings. Both men are being rubbed by the seconds when the gong rings for the second round.

Both come out slowly and spar at mid-ring. So far this fight has been rather slow but now Rawn lets lose a shower of blows. Chauvasse backs away and counters with a long left and right. Oh, a beautiful hay-maker puts Chauvasse on the canvas. The referee is counting 1-2-3-4-5. Reggy's up and he is almost immediately floored again. 1-2, the bell saves him. His seconds drag him to his corner and try to bring him about. He is bleeding from a cut lip and eye. His seconds are going to throw in the towel. No! he won't let them, the game little beggar. The bell rings, Rawn comes out with a rush but is sidestepped. Chauvasse is back-pedaling as much as Tunney did in the Dempsey bout. Rawn is going after him but is met by a stiff straight left. This is the first time that the "dancing master" has really fought. They are slugging toe-to-toe and the fans are going wild. Chauvasse is dropped again. Rawn shouts something at him. I can't hear what it is because the crowd is yelling so. McKencie over here has gone temporarily mad. He's shouting, begging, pleading for his man to get up and fight. Chauvasse is up and the bell rings. At this corner his seconds are working over him madly. Reggy is babbling almost incoherently and I'll try to make out what he's saying. Oh, boy, Reggy is wild because Rawn called him a "dirty skunk" and a "white-livered rat".

The bell rings for the fifth and Chauvasse comes out like a mad man. They are in mid-ring and Reggy's fists are pummeling Andy. The going is fast and furious. Rawn is floored by a terrific right hander to the jaw. 1-2-3-4-5-, Rawn gets up and Reggy piles in. Rawn is dropped again and it looks as though he is out. He is, and Chauvasse's hand is raised. I will try to get the new champion to say a few words to you. "Hey, Reggy," the announcer shouted, "come over here and say a few words, will you?"

Turning to the microphone the announcer introduced Reggy. The new champion merely said: "I'm glad I won, and I wish to say that I'll be a fighting champion."

Charles B. O'Neil, Jr. '31



### MY SHIP

Out beyond the harbour

On a reef lying shallow and low  
Is a relic of a proud old ship  
That foundered years ago.

Many are the times that I wander there  
And dream of by-gone days  
When that ship sailed the ocean blue,  
A monarch stately and grave.

That grand old ship is laden  
With a treasure fairer than gold  
It is laden with my ambitions  
And dreams that are never old.

I see her ploughing the waves  
While the foam speeds past her prow,  
From what far land has she come?  
And what is her burden now?

Sometimes she hails from China,  
Bearing silks, and spices, and tea  
And anchors now in a sheltered bay  
Then again she sails for the sea.

And now she is a whaler  
From sunny, tropic seas.  
Her hold is filled with precious oil  
And rare ambergris.

And now I am waiting, praying--  
Some day from across the sea,  
Laden with dreams fulfilled  
My ship will come home to me,

Mary Lewis '29.

### WHARVES

How I loved the creaking old wharves  
And all the noise and din,  
How I loved to hear the shouts of sailors  
As the ships came in.

How I loved to go to the old wharves  
Near the salt, mad, roaring sea  
And hear the tales of sailors  
From ports across the sea.

How I loved the smell of tar  
And the salt spray in my eyes  
How I loved to feel the salt wind  
And hear the seagulls' cries.

And the wharves have vanished, too,  
But gone are those days forever  
No more will I greet the old ships  
Nor hear those tales anew.

If I could have a wish  
Of where I'd like to be  
It's plain that I would choose  
Those old wharves near the sea.

Mary Lewis '29.

### CRYSTALLOMANCY

This diary was found in a deserted church on an obscure island of Greece and appears to be the true account of the adventures of Hugh Walsley an Englishman who was confined on this island until his death.

June 17, 18—Our ship has reached Port Tasna, an island near Greece. It is 9:30 P. M. and very dark. But two lights can be seen on the island. The island is apparently not very well known as it seems almost uncivilized from the account of a sailor who boarded our vessel. We land tomorrow early in the morning and Jack and I will see for ourselves if it is as unique as it sounds.

June 23, 18—Nearly a week has past since I wrote last. I have been captured by the natives of this island and am confined in a cave. They bring me food every day but it is extremely sickish, being composed of some sort of sweet crumbled bread and honey and I am given a thick, warm, black liquid to drink. At first I dared not touch the stuff thinking it poison, but, on the second day of my imprisonment, the village priest came to see me and convinced me that the food would not harm me. He speaks Latin very fluently and with my little knowledge of the subject we get on very well. He has told me a great deal about the customs of these strange people. It seems that they believe in a sort of spiritual rite called Crystallo-mancy. On the last day of June of every year, a crystal is given into the hands of either a strange young man or a virgin and after a great deal of ceremony the fortune for the coming year is told. If the prediction is pleasing to the people the informant is feted and generally honored; if displeasing, death is the punishment.

I am to be the predictor for this year. I have no fear as to the outcome of this affair as I will make the prophecy so pleasing to the natives that they will probably send me home wealthy on the first ship that lands here. I am writing this with some of the fluid I am supposed to drink.

June 28, 18—Since yesterday noon I have had nothing to eat but a sticky substance called Faznaieda. It is awful stuff and I eat so little of it that I am growing faint. The village father tells me that Faznaieda is supposed to have a miraculous power over the person who is to perform the Crystal rite.

June 29, 18—Alas, I am miserable. In spite of my resolutions, I have come to the state of mind where I will not deceive the religiously trusting natives in tomorrow's prediction though it cost me my life. May Heaven see fit to bestow a good fortune on these people! Without—I am doomed.

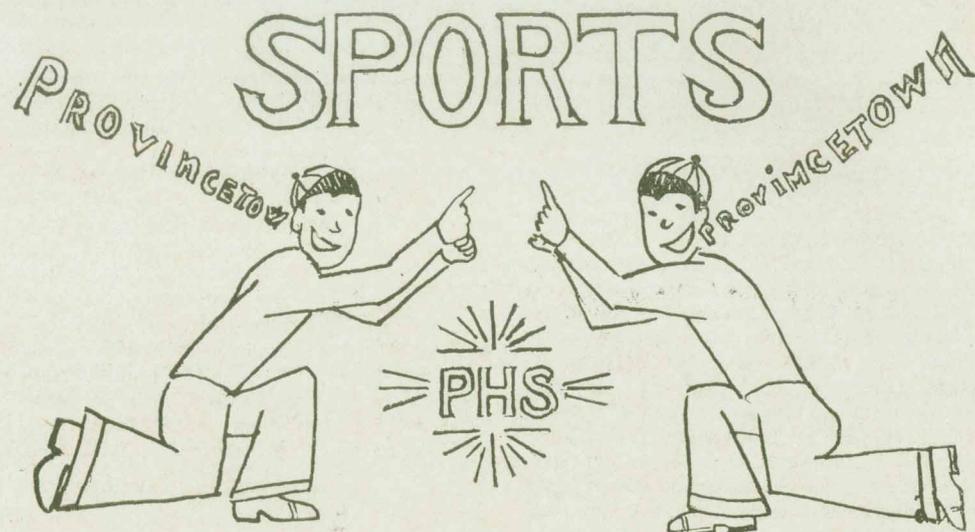
Help me, God!

June 30, 18—I am still on this earth. The fates be praised! I read the crystal today when the sun rose brightest. Every person in the village whether he was young or old, feeble or well, was there to attend the great rite. I was dressed in a scanty covering of gauzy folds gathered about my thighs. My arms were loaded from wrist to shoulder with heavy gold bands. Three men conducted me from my cave to mound in the center of a huge green plain. On all sides, as in a Roman amphitheatre, were hills swarmed with people who looked down on the scene. The ceremony started at six in the morning and from that hour until mid-day I was made to kneel continuously while various blessings were bestowed on me. At the precise minute of noon I was given the huge crystal and told to pronounce what I saw in it. The people stood with bated breath as I gave the prophecy. The crystal showed a terrible disease sweeping down upon the city. By some miraculous intervention only three old people and two young boys were to die of this pestilence. Then fortune turned a more pleasant face and gave promise of rich harvests and heavy catches of fish. There were to be no droughts or long rain spells as there had been the previous year. The crystal dimmed then and I saw nothing more. For the good fortune I predicted my life was spared but because of the terrible disease I fortold, I am condemned to remain on the island. I still hope for escape and a return to my own country.

April 20, 19—I found this diary today in an old chest. I am still on the island of Jasna. No foreign vessels of any sort have landed since I was first made prisoner here. I am living in a small cottage by the sea. An old woman keeps my house and cooks my meals. I have learned the language of the people and though the old priest, my friend, died many years ago I have made new and dear friends. I am well on in my seventy-seventh year now, and sit most of the time by my sea wall watching for sails from home. Other than never again knowing my old friends and family I am well contented. I doubt the chance—but if this diary should be found—I would like it to be known that I lived a comfortable, well-ordered life to the end.

Margaret O'Neil





### FOOTBALL

It might be interesting to the followers of P. H. S. athletics to know just how Provincetown fared during the football season of 1928. Below are the results of the games played by the Provincetown High School football team during the season of 1928.

Oct. 6, Provincetown 82—Orleans 0  
 Oct. 20, Provincetown 7—Falmouth 6  
 Oct. 27, Provincetown 81—Orleans 0  
 Nov. 10, Provincetown 101—Chatham 0  
 Nov. 17, Provincetown 0—Falmouth 38

This is a record that any high school can feel proud of. There are, no doubt, larger and more elaborate football teams in other high schools, but it is doubtful if they can show as fine a record as this one. Our high school scored a total of 271 points against their opponents, and had but 44 points scored against them.

At the end of the football season, the football letter men elected John Dears for their captain and Joaquin Russe for their manager for the season of 1929.

The following men received football letters for the season of 1928: Capt. Bent, Manager Russe, Captain-elect Dears, Captiva, Chapman, Lema, O'Donnell, Perry, J. Santos, J. Costa, Gaspie, Frown, Roach S. Silva, H. Bent, and Malchman.

Capt. Bent, S. Silva, J. Costa, and Brown are the only members of the team that will graduate this year.

### INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

Interclass basketball was resumed this year after being in the background for a year.

A meeting was held to decide the details of the games. It was agreed that all the games should be played according to amateur rules, and that the teams should play four ten-minute periods in each game. Mr. Leyden was to referee all the games. The teams were to battle for the banner in the senior home room.

The first interclass game was played at the Town Hall on January 7. In this game the sophomores managed to squeeze out a 24 to 23 victory over the freshmen. Captiva was the main cog in the freshmen team and was responsible for fourteen of their points. Smith, Captiva, Gaspie, Roach, and H. Bent made up the freshmen team, while Russe, Chapman, Malchman, Ferreira, Martin, Meads, and Perry represented the class of '31.

In the next game the seniors easily defeated the juniors by a score of 53 to 27. As was expected, the winning team was by far the superior of the two. The following boys made up the senior team: Lema, Brown, Malchman, E. Silva, Russe, Bent, and S. Silva. The Junior class was represented by Burch, Dears, Ventura, Days, Cordiero, and Fields.

The juniors eliminated the sophomores from the race when they pinned a 41 to 19 defeat on them. The juniors were none too strong in the first half of the proceedings, but in the second half they got on to themselves and scored the majority of their points.

In the final game, the seniors again defeated the juniors, and thereby got possession of the banner. The seniors won the banner in their sophomore year and defended it successfully the remaining two years, a record which will stand for some time to come.

### COLLEGE GAMES

Apart from the interclass games, the Varsity Club is running another basketball series. The five teams that are participating in this series were formed in the following way: Five men were chosen for captains by the Varsity Club. Each captain in rotation named a man for his team until each team had six men. The five captains and the names of their teams are as follows: John Dears, John Russe, Lawrence Days, Joe Lema, and Edmund Silva. The names of their teams are Holy Cross, Boston College, Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth respectively.

The winning team will receive numerals which will be given to them by the Varsity Club.

At the time of this writing six games out of ten have already been played. In the first game the Holy Cross outfit had an easy time defeating Yale. The second game found Harvard on the wrong end of a 25 to 22 score. The game fight of the Harvard team was the feature of the game. Trailing at the end of the first half, with a score of 13 to 5, they came from behind to lead their opponents 22 to 19, only to see their slim lead vanish in the last few minutes of play. Yale was given its second setback when they were beaten by Dartmouth 22 to 10. In the next game the Harvard outfit handed Holy Cross its first setback 31 to 21. In the other two games Boston College downed Dartmouth 18 to 15, and Harvard trimmed Yale 23 to 5.

Lawrence H. Malchman '31.

## SPECIALS

### IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Provincetown and P. H. S. in particular have been waiting with growing impatience for the production of our Senior Play, "It Pays To Advertise." Not since the hitherto incomparable "Charlie's Aunt" has there been a play presented that will prove as popular. We must admit, however, that the odds are on our side for the more important roles are being played by Helen Marshall, who has many times before proven herself an excellent actress. Leonard Days, Nathan Malchman, Sherman Silva, Florence Volton, John Costa, Myrtle Adams, Inez Chapman, Herbert Woods, John Russe, John Dears, and Joseph Lema all have interesting parts which they handle very professionally.

The first act is as perfectly learned as a play can be, and the second act is already being rehearsed.

"It Pays To Advertise" is assured of a success and all of Provincetown will undoubtedly turn out on April 25th to see the debut of the Class of '29 in the dramatic acts.

R. Avellar '29.

### JUNIOR PROM DATE, MAY 31st

The Junior Promenade, the biggest social event of the year, will be held at Town Hall on May 31st. This was decided at a recent meeting of the Junior Class. As a fitting attraction to such a great event, the class has secured Perley Stevens and his Broadcasting Orchestra, one of Boston's most popular group of musicians.

The Junior Prom committee includes the following—Florence Allen, Mabel Chapman, Cora Francis, Robert Rogers, Ephraim Rivard, and Herbert Woods.



## THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Provincetown High School Student Council is an organization composed of representatives from every class and organization in the school. With the help of the faculty advisor (the honorary president), it directs all school activities. It grants charters to clubs and publications directs all athletics with the assistance of the Varsity Club, and controls all social activities.

Much confusion prevails as to the purpose of the council. The general belief in school is that the Student Council was organized to run the school. In other words, it would have the power of the principal. A pupil accused of misdemeanor must appear before the council, so many pupils think.

It is true that such was the case two years ago. The 1927 Student Council could even expel students if necessary. The student form of government has been done away with this year, however, due to the fact that it did not prove a success.

The only punishment that the Student Council may inflict on the student now is to expel any member from the Varsity Club on a deserved complaint either from a teacher or from another member of the Club.

John Russe '29.



## Book Reviews

## DAISY AND DAPHNE

By Rose Macaulay

"Different" is the word that best describes this book. It deals with psychological effects and is rather puzzling to the average person until the end is reached.

The principal character in the book is Miss Daphne Daisy Sampson. Daphne portrays one side of her character, or perhaps I should say one of her characters, while Daisy portrays another.

Daphne is gay, alluring, witty, and possesses unlimited charm and poise.

Daisy is an unsophisticated, self-conscious retiring, and rather forlorn young lady who is interested in journalism.

The two girls, Daisy and Daphne, are

The purpose of the Varsity Club is to foster sportsmanship. Its motto is "It isn't whether you have won or lost, but how you've played the game"

A committee was appointed to draw up rules which all members must abide by. Among the rules is one stating that in order to become a member of the Club, a student must have earned one letter in athletics.

A cake sale and basketball game have been sponsored by the Varsity Club in the hopes of obtaining money by which pins in maroon and silver (the colors of the Varsity Club) may be bought. The pins are to be loaned to a member on condition that he himself will wear it until such time as he is asked to return it to the Club or is allowed to have it for his personal property, which allowance will be made at the time of the member's graduation.

On Thursday, March 21, a private party was given by the Club to place all members on a social basis. There was dancing until 10:30 and everyone left feeling that they had never spent a more enjoyable evening. Refreshments were served by the members of the Club.

Among the guests were found the following alumni associates: Bernard DeRiggs, Ruth Swett, Joseph (Glory) Taves, Gladys Smith, Walter Avellar, Philomena Jason, James Allen, Morris Snow, and Myron Viera.

Inez Chapman '29.

carried through the book as two entirely different personages, and it is not until the end that one begins to realize that the two personages are one.

Still another phase of Miss Simpson's character is introduced as Miss Marjorie Wynne, a famous English novelist on a lecture tour.

The whole story is amusing and perplexing and anyone who enjoys originality will enjoy it immensely. It might also be described as high-brow. It is an excellent story for emphasizing the different characters and the dual personality of each person. In my opinion, it ranks with Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in that line.

Eleanor M. Johnson '29.

## ALL KNEELING

"All Kneeling" by Anne Parish is the story of a beautiful woman who cannot live without worship. From childhood Christabel Caine has striven to produce the effect of being spiritually sensitive. Everyone who knew her was charmed by this exquisite "Child of the Gods."

Christabel wrote poems while still very young. They were meaningless bits of fluff but were somehow tremendously popular. After her first book was published, Christabel left home for New York. She met a man whom she considered to be her perfect mate. She offered herself to him. He could do no more than to ask her to marry him. She went back to her old home to prepare for her wedding and while there met a young business man. He was a new type to her and she decided to acquire him. Inside of a month she married him. Christabel wrote a beautiful farewell letter to her discarded lover and thought no more of him for at least two weeks. While on her honeymoon, she began to feel that her worldly husband did not fully appreciate her sensitive self. Accordingly she wrote to her first love asking him to come back. He came to see her and when she found that he was no longer even slightly interested in her she decided that he was being brave and reticent about his love for her and sent him away again. She then turned her attention to another man who had appeared on her horizon. She gave him up when she returned from her honeymoon. Christabel engaged her cousin Ellen as her secretary and when she saw her cousin's fiance, she was desirous of possessing him. As was the case with the others, he was dazzled by her delicate wistfulness but felt no real interest in her. One night while they are together in the garden Christabel wills him to kiss her. With her usual luck some trivial annoying happening occurs to mar the scene. She steps into some wet grass and gets her foot wet. After returning uncomfortably to the house, Christabel's husband meets them with the news that her Uncle Johnnie is dead. Christabel stages a very pathetic scene in which she states that her uncle was the only one who ever understood her.

This was the one real truth she told in her whole deceitful life. Her uncle Johnnie knew what she was like beneath her fragile appearing beauty. Christabel, like the sea anemone, looks like a delicate flower but can send out a shower of stinging darts, grasp what it wants, and eject anything upon which it cannot feed.

Margaret O'Neil '29.

## THE SHADOW OF THE IROQUOIS

By Everett McNeil

This very thrilling book written by Everett McNeil is a story of New France in the days of the Great Terror. A shadow hung menacingly over the country. It was the Shadow of the Iroquois! The very name struck terror into the hearts of every man, woman, and child.

New France was in a desperate condition. And then, when it seemed that things could no longer exist as they did, the French king sent Count Frontenac to rule once more over New France.

His coming changed the circumstances.

The chief characters are Blaise Lafond, a boy who became Count Frontenac's page, and the Chevalier Maurice de Brillion, one of his young officers.

This is a story of mystery, adventure, and brave fighting. Into this charming tale are woven historical facts which make this book all the more worth reading.

The reader's impression after reading it is that of a deep affection for the French, and of sympathy that France's triumph over England was not permanent in the case of Quebec.

The most notable figure of this tale is Count Frontenac of whom a glorious account is given. He is shown in all his moods, but the one that strikes the reader as being the most noteworthy is the fact that beneath his stern and haughty exterior was kindness and a warm heart.

Mary Lewis '29.

## HARNESS

A. Hamilton Gibbs

A. Hamilton Gibbs comes to the top with flying colors in his latest post-war novel.

An obstacle confronts the minds of the virile Michael Gorden and charming naive Patricia Wade. To the inevitable post-war question—what to do with ourselves, Michael and Pat solve part of the problem by marrying, but they are ever eager for achievement; they just must do something. Pat craves the glamour of the stage; Michael to write.

The complications that arise from this and how Michael— - -Ah, but you must read this charming novel with its dashing climax which Mr. Gibbs has prepared in his very best style to know.

Perhaps that which appealed especially to me was the liberal sprinkling of right-o's "chereios," and "old beams" which Mr. Gibbs uses so effectively, and which suggest everything that is typically English.

Florence Allen '30.

## EXCHANGES

All of the exchanges we have received this season are new.

We wish to express our appreciation for acquiring these new friends. We hope that they will continue to exchange magazines with our school.

We also desire that our paper be commented on, for we realize that it is only by helpful criticism that we can improve our paper.

We are glad to acknowledge receipt of the following:

"The Catamount", Bennington High School, Bennington, Vermont—Your poetry department deserves much praise. You have a fine joke department. Your literature is of good quality.

"The Stampede", Sunset High School, Dallas, Texas—Your cuts are splendid, and the department headings most attractive and original.

"The Mirror", Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Vermont—Your editorials are good, as is your poetry department. We enjoyed the jokes a great deal.

"Saint Michael's Banner", St. Michael's High School, Montpelier, Vermont—We enjoyed your magazine a great deal. Your paper is well arranged. Your stories are very interesting. Your poetry is especially good, and we would like to see more.

"The Little Red Schoolhouse", Athol High School, Athol, Mass.—Your paper is interesting and well-written. Your literary department is well-managed.

"The Aegis", Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.—Your poetry is good. We enjoyed the stories, too. The cover of your February issue was attractive and very appropriate.

"The Rambler", Northfield High School, Northfield, Vermont—Your 1928 Year Book was very interesting. We hope to receive soon another copy of "The Rambler."

"The Green and Gold", West Rutland High School, West Rutland, Vermont—We derived much enjoyment from your January issue. The editorials were splendid, and the jokes unusually good. We suggest that you devote more space to poetry as the poems which were printed were very good.

"The Red and Black", Rogers High School, Newport, Rhode Island—Your magazine was very good. Your joke department is rather large in proportion to your other sections. We enjoyed "Ye Oracle" and "Pat the Senior".

"The Live Wire", Newbury High School, Newbury, Vermont—Your editorials deserve

praise. You have a fine joke department. On the whole, yours is an interesting paper.

"The Blue and White Banner", Putnam High School, Putnam, Connecticut—Your editorials were splendid. We think that your magazine would be greatly improved if you had cuts heading your various departments. Your poetry is really excellent.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

The Long Pointer—We like your idea of a story contest to obtain material for the paper. The results are satisfactory and the stories show skill and thought. We looked everywhere for your exchange department but could not find it. Hope to see it in your next issue.

"The Catamount", Bennington, Vermont.

The Long Pointer—We enjoyed your paper very much. You have a fine joke department and the Short Story contest is an excellent idea for procuring material. Why not have an index to your paper?

"The Green and Gold", West Rutland, Vt.  
Mary Lewis '29.

## WITH OUR ALUMNI

Rose B. Caton, class of 1920, is now teaching school in Fairhaven.

Frank L. Caton, class of 1917, is the Director of the Continuation School in Taunton.

Lawrence W. Caton, class of 1916, is an optician in New Bedford.

Lawrence E. Swartz, '28, is now a student at the Michigan State Aviation School in Detroit.

Cecelia Swartz, 1922, is employed by the D. C. Heath Book Publishing Co. of Boston.

Herbert Mayo, 1926, is employed at the First National Bank.

Elsa Hartman, '26, has recently had a painting exhibited in the Corcoran Art Galleries, Washington, D. C.

Catherine Jacobs '28, is employed as book-keeper by C. L. Burch Co.

Philomena Jason, '28, is employed in the Town Crier Gift Shop.

Genevieve Tasha, class of 1909, is a book-keeper for the Consolidated Weir Company.

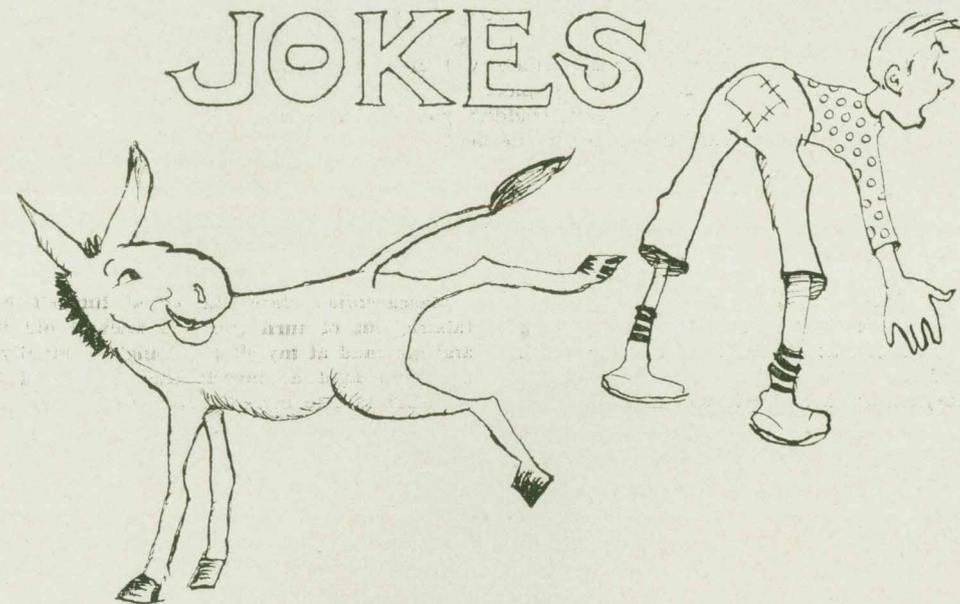
Mary Jacobs, 1916, and Josephine Jacobs, 1924, are teaching in the primary schools of this town.

James Williams, 1926, and Raymond Brown, 1926, are members of the United States Coast Guard.

Francis Days, 1925, is back home again and is employed here.

Mary Lewis '29.

## JOKES



## STATION P. H. S.

Lizzie Kelley, Announcer.

6:45 A. M. Health building exercises—Kermit Perry.

8:30 A. M. Weather report—Donald Branch

11:00 A. M. National Federation of Women's Club.

The art of dish washing—Myrtle Adams  
Talk on Greek coiffures—Dorothy Newcomb.

12:10 P. M. News flashes—Eloise Silva.

12:45 P. M. Books I have read—Margaret Perry.

2:45 P. M. Broadcasting play-by-play of the Junior-Senior basketball game—Eleanor Johnson.

4:10 P. M. Lady of the Ivories—Arnold Burch.

5:00 P. M. Music to motion picture "Don't be Like That!"—Helen Marshall and Richard Atkins.

6:00 P. M. Big Sister Club, conducted by Big Sister—Margaret O'Donnell.

7:00 P. M. How to keep that school girl complexion—George Leyden.

7:30 P. M. Vocal selection—John Costa (A half hour is quite sufficient)

8:00 Address by the President of the U. S.—Leonard Days, Esq.

9:00 P. M. How to acquire that desired French Pronunciation—Miss McDermott.

10:30 P. M. P. H. S. Syncopators.

Curtain

## A SILENT PRAYER

"Onward, pass onward, oh time in thy flight,  
Please make the bell ring before I recite!"

It's been rumored that petit Johnnie Costa has been offered a part in one of Shakespeare's plays. We wonder if it's "NOTHING" in "MUCH ADO."

B. T.: "How do I know your love will be everlasting?"

N. M.: "Oh, that's the way I always love 'em."

Stuart: Have you kissed a man before?  
Flo: Y- -Yes.

Stuart: Tell me his name so I can thrash him.

Flo: But- -but- -he might be too many for you.

Frosh: Say, who is that guy who dodges around you on the field?

Upper Classman—Oh, you must have met Mr. Leyden in one of his off moments.

Miss McLeod: "Miss Freeman, you are always saying, 'It's me, so I'm going to give you a rhyme which will help you: Say 'It is I, said the spider to the fly.'"

Helen: "But, couldn't you say, 'It is me, said the spider to the flea?'"

Miss McLeod: Perry!  
 Raymond: That wasn't me.  
 Miss McLeod: What kind of grammar is that?  
 Raymond: I mean it was me.

Mascarenhas states he cured himself of talking out of turn thus: "I knew I did it and got mad at myself for doing it. Finally, I got so mad at myself that I decided I wouldn't talk to myself any more."

Miss McLeod—Show how the word "plenty" is used incorrectly

Williams—I have plenty of money—that's incorrect.

Miss Peters (in history): Your trouble, Atkins, seems to be in remembering dates.  
 Dick: Miss Peters, you've got me all wrong. I never missed a date in my life.

R. A. I believe this school is haunted.  
 M. P. Why?  
 R. A. They are always talking about the school spirit.

Q. P. I shouldn't complain. All winter you've had a cold, and now you've got a fine case of hay fever. haven't you?  
 Freddie: - - -Yes, asthma weakness now.

#### AS YOU HAVE IT

Nemo had a little dog  
 His name was Halitosis.  
 Everywhere that Nemo went  
 Folks would hold their noses.

#### MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
 The saddest are: "Exams again."

Miss Freeman: What is a mammal  
 Eleanor?  
 Miss Johnson: (confidently) Some kind of a whale.

St. Peter: Who's there?  
 Voice: "It is I."  
 St. Peter: (peevish) "Get outta here, we don't want any more school teachers!"

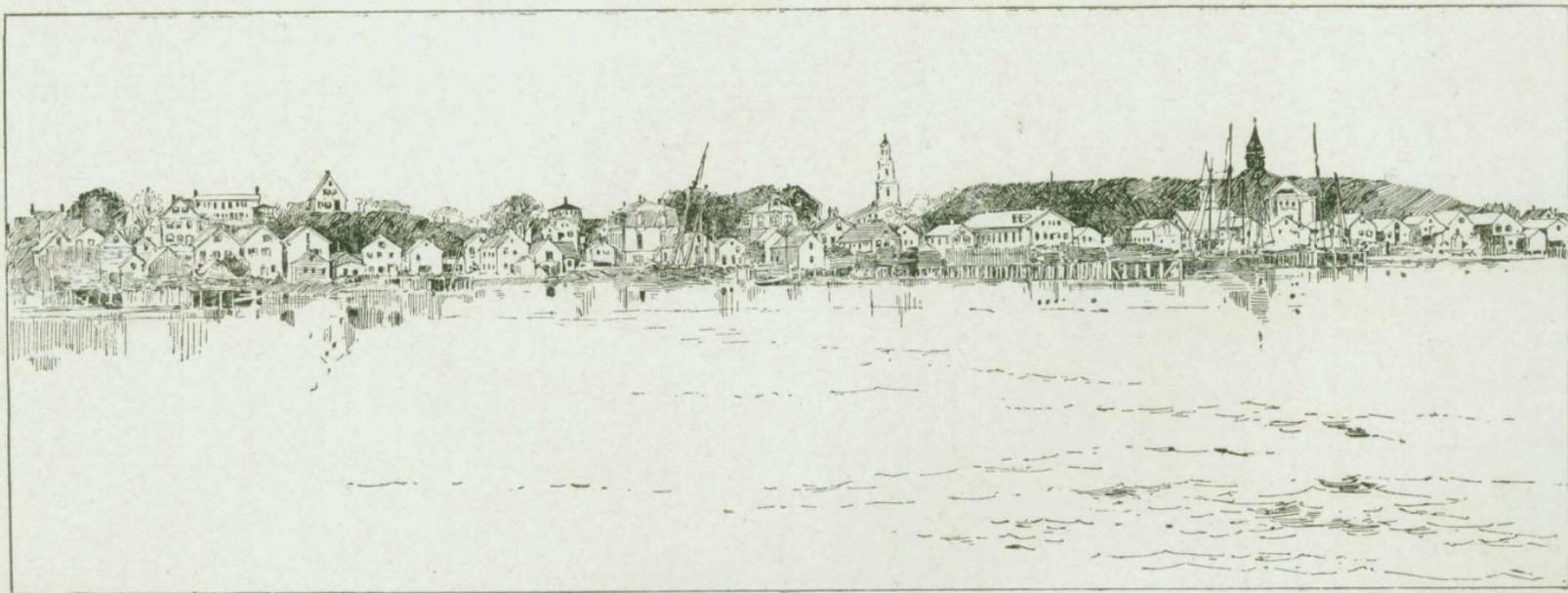
Angel Child—Robert Rogers.  
 The Instrument of Destiny—Report card.  
 Beau Ideal—A. Brown.  
 Samson—D. Branch.  
 Her Boston Experiences—H. Freeman.  
 Show People—Seniors.  
 Mother Knows Best—A. Hartman.  
 The Not-Quite Puritans—Q's P.  
 Age of Innocence—Freshman.  
 Prisoners All—We students.  
 One-Step to Heaven—Graduation Day..

J. Leonard—Gives His Popular Style of Recitation:

Rises slowly, leisurely, removes large piece of gum from mouth, places hands in pockets and says in a loud confident voice: "I don't know."

Liz: I hear you've made the baseball team.  
 Brown: Why-er-the other boys helped a little.

J. Costa: "Have you done your outside reading, Myrtle?"  
 Myrtle: "I have not. It's too cold."



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